

The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED. IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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VOL. 36.—No. 49.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1858.

PRICE 4d.
STAMPED 5d.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—THREE POPULAR CONCERTS will be given in this magnificent Hall on the evenings of Tuesday, Dec. 7, Wednesday, Dec. 8, and Thursday, Dec. 9. Vocalists: Madame Weiss, Miss Poole, Miss Stabach, Miss Lascelles, Miss Messent, Madlle. de Villar, Madlle. Behrens, Miss Eleanor Armstrong, Mrs. Tennant, and Miss Dolby; Mr. Weiss, Mr. Tennant, and Mr. Sims Reeves; the Swedish Singers, who will sing some of their most popular pieces. Violoncello, Signor Fiatti; Harmonium, Herr Engel; Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. To commence at 8 o'clock. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Reserved Seats (balcony), 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 1s. May be obtained at the ticket-office of the Hall, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse and Co., 48, Cheapside; Cramer and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street; and Chappell and Co.'s, 50, New Bond-street.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD and Mr. SIMS REEVES will appear at the St. James's Hall on the evenings of Tuesday, Dec. 7, Wednesday, Dec. 8, Thursday, Dec. 9, in conjunction with Miss Dolby, Miss Stabach, Mr. and Mme. Weiss, &c., and the Swedish singers. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Reserved Seats, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 1s.

THE SWEDISH SINGERS, for three nights only, at the St. James's Hall—Tuesday evening, Dec. 7, Wednesday evening, Dec. 8, and Thursday evening Dec. 9, when they will give a selection of their most favourite pieces, at the **THREE POPULAR CONCERTS**, in conjunction with Mr. Sims Reeves, Miss Goddard, Miss Dolby, and other celebrated artists. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Reserved Seats, 3s.; Unreserved 1s.; and programmes at Chappell's 50, New Bond-street; Cramers, 201, Regent-street; and Keith, Prowse, and Co.'s, 48, Cheapside.



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MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

COUNCIL FOR 1858.

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THE COUNCIL

Have the honour to announce that the arrangements, at present determined, for the First Season of the Society's operations, are as follows:—

A CONVERSAZIONE

Will take place at the
**BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 76, HARLEY-STREET,
CAVENDISH-SQUARE,**

On WEDNESDAY EVENING, December 15th, 1858, to which the Fellows and Associates only will be invited.

FOUR ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS,

Conducted by
MR. ALFRED MELLON,

Will be given at

ST. JAMES'S HALL, ON THE FOLLOWING WEDNESDAY EVENINGS:
January 26th, February 23rd, March 30th, and May 11th.

To which Members, their Nominated Subscribers, and the Public will be admitted

THE PRACTICES OF THE SOCIETY'S CHORUS,

During the present year, will take place on MONDAY EVENINGS, November 29th, December 6th, 13th, and 20th, at Eight o'clock, at the

ST. JAMES'S (MINOR) HALL, PICCADILLY,
Under the direction of
MR. HENRY SMART.

Members who desire to join these practices are requested to forward their names, and to state their description of voice, to the Honorary Secretary.

The Council have to announce that the LIBRARY

Will be arranged in the

SOCIETY'S ROOMS IN ST. JAMES'S HALL,
And accessible to Members, under certain regulations, from the 1st of January, 1859.

Further arrangements will be duly announced.

Prospectuses, with full particulars, and a list of the Fellows and Associates, may be had at Messrs. Wessell and Co., 18, Hanover-square, W., of Messrs. Cramer and Co., 201, Regent-street, and of the Honorary Secretary, to whom all communications are to be addressed.

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(36, Baker-street, Portman-square.)

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No.	1.	2.	3.	s.	d.
1.	Fuga Scherzando in A minor	2	0
2.	Prelude and Fugue on the name Bach, (in B flat)	2	0
3.	Fantasia con Fughetta (in D major)	2	0

London: Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street.

"The *clavier bien tempéré* comprises all the preludes and fugues of the elder Bach (his organ compositions excepted), with which the majority of amateurs and professors in this country are familiar. But it is notorious that he composed a vast number more, between the period of his residence at Weimar and his appointment as Cantor at Leipzig. Some of these, too, are as ingenious and beautiful as any of the famous 'Forty-eight.' Of these, Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co. are publishing a selection, which, to judge by the two numbers before us, promises to be highly attractive. The 'Fuga Scherzando' (in A minor) is one of the most characteristic and charming of the master's lesser works.

"The Fugue in B flat, on the letters composing his name—B A C H—which represent four musical notes ('H' in German, standing for our own B natural), although it cannot precisely be traced to Bach, is nevertheless well worth preserving, and is both valuable and interesting as a test of comparison between good and bad counterpoint, when viewed in conjunction with the very inferior fugue on the same theme composed by John Christian Bach, the patriarch's youngest and least-accomplished son. At the same time the former contains examples of common-place 'sequence' that induce us to side with those who refuse to admit that it is genuine Bach.

"Now that Miss Arabella Goddard is making fugues popular by playing them before large audiences, the publishers of 'Bachiana' (who, we presume, are responsible for the invention of that derivative) have not done unwisely in commencing their Serial with specimens already introduced in public by that young lady, whose dauntless faith in classic models is one of the secrets of her success."
—*Literary Gazette*.

BELLA FIGLIA, (Rigoletto), by JULES BRISSAC,
2s. 6d. "Among the many pianoforte arrangements of Signor Verdi's very popular quartet, we have not seen one more unpretending, and at the same time more complete, than this. The composer's ideas are respected, while the display and the convenience of the pianist are consulted; and the result is a piece of moderate difficulty, attractive in more senses than one."—*Musical World*. London: Published only by Duncan Davison, 244, Regent-street, where "Marie, ou la prière d'une Vierge"—Andante, by Badarzewska, 2s., and Jules Brissac's "Quando le sere," and "Ab! fu giusto" (Luigia Miller) may be obtained, price 3s.

A SUMMER'S DAY: Romance for the Pianoforte. By EUGENE MONIOT. Price 3s. "Among the graceful bagatelles of M. Moniot, there is not one more attractive: it possesses the twofold advantage of being melodious and expressive."—*Musical World*. London: Duncan Davison's new foreign music warehouse, 244, Regent-street, where "A Summer's Eve," Romance, by Eugène Moniot, may also be obtained. 2s. 6d.

MEYERBEER'S ROYAL WEDDING MARCH.—(Quatrième Marche aux Flambeaux). Composed in honour of the Marriage of the Princess Royal of England with Prince Frederick William of Prussia. 6s. London: Duncan Davison, 244, Regent-street.

BRINLEY RICHARDS' New Romance for the Piano
forte, "ETHEL," price 2s. "Ethel Newcome was about to give up her independence, her inclination perhaps, and to bestow her life on yonder young nobleman. Looking at her as a girl devoting herself to her family, her sacrifice gave her a melancholy interest in our eyes. My wife and I watched her, grave and beautiful, moving through the rooms, receiving and returning a hundred greetings, bending to compliments, talking with this friend and that, with my lord's lovely relations, with himself, to whom she listened deferentially; faintly smiling as he spoke now and again, doing the honours of her mother's house."—*The Newcomes*, Vol. 2, Chap. 16. London: Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street.

"SOUVENIR DE GLUCK." (Armide).—Arranged for the Pianoforte. By CHARLES MCKORKELL. Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street, where may be obtained "La Joyeuse" (Souvenir des Champs Elusés), by C. McKorkell, price 3s.

"Mr. McKorkell must be praised for his taste in seeking materials for an easy teaching-piece at one of the fountain-heads of melody—the operas of Gluck. "Armide" is full of flowing exquisite tune, from which the skilful adapter has selected some of the most captivating passages, employing them for his own purposes without in any way damaging their intrinsic beauty. Some more "Souvenirs" of Gluck would be welcome. Such healthy music cannot be too widely disseminated, in every possible shape—provided always the original finds such sympathetic and congenial treatment as in the present instance."—*Musical World*.

VOCAL.

THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR (Du
bist mir nah' und doch so fern): Lied. Sung by Herr Reichardt at Mr. Howard Glover's Concert, at Drury Lane Theatre, and at the Crystal Palace Concerts, and enthusiastically encored, is published, price 3s., by D. Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street. Dépôt Général de la Maison Brandus de Paris.

I'M NOT IN LOVE, REMEMBER.—Balfé's New Song, sung by Madlle. Victoire Balfé and Miss Louisa Vinning, is published, price 2s. 6d., by Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street, where Reichardt's popular Lied, "Thou art so near and yet so far," 3s., and Balfé's "Oh, take me to thy heart again," 2s., may be obtained.

MERRILY, MERRILY SHINES THE MORN
(The Skylark's Song), by Alice Foster. Sung by Madame Rudersdorf, and invariably encored, is published, price 2s., by Duncan Davison, 244, Regent-street.

G. A. MACFARREN'S NEW SONG.—"THE
G. THOUGHTS OF YOUTH." Poetry by Longfellow, 2s. London: Duncan Davison, 244, Regent-street.—The whole of Longfellow's beautiful poem is printed on a separate page of this edition.

NEW GALOP.—"SANS SOUCI GALOP," for the
Piano, by J. Czerkaski, price 3s. Played every night at M. Jullien's Concerts. London: Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street, dépôt général de la Maison Brandus de Paris.

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"Yet ere I seek a distant shore," ballad, by Louis Diehl 2 0
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"The thoughts of youth," by G. A. Macfarren (poetry by Longfellow) 2 0
"Now the shades grow deeper" (Nun die Schatten dunkeln), by J. Benedict 2 0
"Weeds and Flowers," by Dr. James Pech 2 6
"Go sit by the summer sea," by Dr. E. G. Monk 2 0
"The Cuckoo" ("Hail, beautiful stranger of the grove"), by Adelaïda 2 0
"Sunshine" ("I love the sunshine"—Marr Hovitt), by Adelaïda 2 0

London: Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street.

TO CHORAL SOCIETIES.—MEYERBEER'S SERE-
NADE, "THIS HOUSE TO LOVE IS HOLY," sung at the opening of St. James's Hall, by Mr. Benedict's Vocal Association of 300 voices, is published in vocal score, 4s., and separate vocal parts, 6d. each, by Duncan Davison and Co. (Dépôt Général de la Maison Brandus, de Paris), 244, Regent-street, London.

THE LORD'S PRAYER for four voices (soprano, alto, tenor, and bass) and organ, ad lib., with English and Latin text. By G. Meyerbeer. Price, in vocal score, 3s.; separate vocal parts 6d. each. Sung by Mr. Benedict's Vocal Association, &c., &c. London: Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street.

"This is one of the few morceaux of religious music, especially composed for the Church, that we have seen from the pen of the illustrious author of the *Prophète*. But in the fine setting of the 'Lord's Prayer' we have proof that, were he to devote his attention to it, M. Meyerbeer would excel equally in the composition of religious as of secular music. The 'Prayer' is written for four ordinary voices, without accompaniment. An organ part, however, has been added, 'in case at any time the voices have a tendency to lower.' The melody, as is proper in a composition of this nature, is simple; yet it is so elegantly harmonised that the interest never flags for a moment, and hence the monotony and coldness so often complained of in religious pieces without accompaniment are entirely avoided. We do not remember any composition in which the modulations are more beautiful than in this work of M. Meyerbeer. The *entrée* of the parts, in imitation, which occurs towards the middle of the prayer, could not have been effected in a more masterly manner. Indeed, throughout the setting, the hand of a consummate harmonist—of a composer rich in all the resources of his art—is distinctly visible."
—*Bra*.

NEW MUSIC FOR THE ORGAN.—Introduction, and fugue dedicated to his friend the Rev. Frederic Parry Hodges, D.C.L. (Vicar of Lyme Regis, Dorset, and Fellow of Winchester College), by Dr. James Pech. Price 3s. London: Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street.

NEW MUSICAL TOY.—The Scale with Moveable
Notes.—A most ingenious invention, combining instruction in the art of composition and amusement. Price 12s., including Instruction Book, Part I. London: Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street.

LONDON:

DUNCAN DAVISON AND CO.,

(DÉPÔT GENERAL DE LA MAISON BRANDUS DE PARIS),

244, REGENT-STREET.

STRING PARTS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR SIR,—Can any of your correspondents oblige me by informing me where I can get separate string parts of Beethoven's and Mozart's symphonies. Yours, obliged,
PHILHARMONIC.

THE KREUTZER SONATA AND MR. BRIDGETOWER.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In a Dictionary of Musicians, published in England in 1827, is the following notice:

"BRIDGETOWER.—This eminent performer on the violin is said to be a descendant of an Indian prince.* He was a pupil of Giuronovich, and, for theory, of Attwood. In the early part of his life he was much patronised by his present Majesty. At present he is residing on the continent, and is, we believe, about forty-eight years of age."

In respect to the Kreutzer sonata, Bridgetower told me, that when it was written, Beethoven and he were constant companions, and on the first copy was a dedication to his friend Bridgetower; but, ere it was published, they had some silly quarrel about a girl, and in consequence Beethoven scratched out the name of Bridgetower and inserted that of Kreutzer—a man whom he had never seen.

I think it possible that Mr. Bridgetower himself may answer the queries of your correspondent; if not, he is welcome to mine. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. W. THIRLWALL.

[If Mr. Bridgetower still lives he must, according to *The Dictionary of Musicians*, by this time be nearly 80.—Ed. M.W.]

EPIGRAM No. 1.

Wouldst thou on the earth grovel—
Read MY NOVEL.
Wouldst soar on eagles' pinions—
The VIRGINIANS.

EPIGRAM No. 2.

Some men's thoughts a'nt' worth a ha'penny,
Some, agen, are all on'm guinea 'uns;
Look at P. Caxton's, who can't shape any,
And at his who's writing THE VIRGINIANS.
THE LAME DUCK.

PUNCH A POACHER.

(From *Punch*, Oct. 23.)

"*The Rose of Castille*, as at present performed, is the sweetest opera yet known; for in it, besides the Rose itself, we have two Pines, one Mellon, and a little Honey."

[See also *Musical World*—"ante"—we forget the page.—Ed. M.W.]

HERR WILJALBA FRIKELL.—This "incomparable" magician is making a provincial tour with brilliant success. He is at present at Manchester, where he attracts large audiences.

BRADFORD.—The Amateur Society gave a concert on Wednesday night in St. George's Hall, for the benefit of the Bradford Infirmary. The attendance was large, and the performance on the whole very satisfactory. The artists were chiefly inhabitants of the town, and comprised the Amateur Musical Society, about forty male voices of the Bradford Choral Union, with Miss Witham as soloist. Mr. Jackson conducted.

LEEDS.—On Tuesday evening, the 23rd ult., Mr. J. Scholey, organist of St. John's Church, Leeds, (late a pupil at the Blind School, York,) gave a miscellaneous concert in St. John's School. The principal vocalists were Miss Ford, Messrs. Blackburn, Wilson, Horn, Carter, and Harrison, and Masters Holmes, Fall, Briggs, and Robinson, with a chorus, under the conductorship of Mr. T. Wilson, organist of St. Mark's, Woodhouse.

* Supposed by his friends to be the son of an English nobleman by an Indian princess.

JOHN FIELD.

(From the *Echo*.)

JOHN FIELD is one of those few Englishmen whose name is inscribed in ineffaceable characters in the archives of art. He was born in 1782, in Dublin, and was a pupil of Clementi's. He soon took his place among the most distinguished pianists of his time; and, even up to the present day, has never been surpassed for touch and melodious tone. He gained his first laurels as a *virtuoso* in Paris and St. Petersburg. In 1822, he migrated to Moscow, where his concerts and lessons became very popular. From 1832, he travelled through England, France, and Italy. He was detained in Naples by sickness, until he returned, in 1835, with a Russian family, to Russia, and died at Moscow, in 1837. A great number of concertos and solo pieces for the pianoforte have given an imperishable importance to his name. But the compositions which have enjoyed the widest circulation, are his celebrated *nottornos*, which have been frequently imitated, but never equalled for unsurpassable and simple depth of feeling. F. Liszt characterises them as follows, in the preface to J. Schubert's admirable edition:

"Field's nocturnes are yet new by the side of much that has grown old; six-and-thirty years have elapsed since their first appearance, and a balmy freshness, a fragrant odour, is still wafted to us from them. Where else should we now find such perfect and inimitable *naïveté*? Since Field, no one has been able to express himself in that language of the heart, which moves us as a tender, moist glance does; which cradles to epose, like the soft, equal rocking of a boat, or the swinging of a hammock, which is so gentle and easy, that we fancy we hear around us the low murmuring of dying kisses.

"No one has ever attained these indefinite harmonies of the Æolian harp, these half sighs, floating away into air, and, gently complaining, melted in sweet pain. No one has ever attempted this, especially no one of those who heard Field himself play, or rather dream out his songs, at moments when, abandoning himself entirely to his inspiration, he departed from the first plan of the piece, as it existed in his imagination, and invented, in uninterrupted succession, fresh groups which, like wreaths of flowers, he twined around his melodies, while he kept continually decorating the latter with this rain of nosegays, and yet so decked them out, that their languishing tremulousness and charming serpentinings were not concealed, but simply covered with a transparent veil. With what inexhaustible profusion did he vary the thought when it occurred? With what unusual felicity did he surround, without disturbing it, with a net of arabesques?"

"If we allow ourselves to be thoroughly imbued with the touching softness which is manifested in his compositions, just as it swayed his playing, we cannot avoid feeling perfectly convinced how useless it would be to attempt to copy him, or to abandon ourselves to the hope that we might successfully imitate his tender originality, which is characterised quite as much by the utmost simplicity of feeling, as by the greatest diversity of form and ornament. If there is anything, the mystery of which we shall in vain strive to pierce, supposing nature has not given it as a distinguishing mark of our own disposition, it is the grace of simplicity and the charm of ingenuousness. We may possess these qualities naturally, but we can never acquire them. Field was naturally endowed with them, and, consequently, his compositions will always possess a charm, over which time has no power; his forms will never grow old, for they correspond exactly with his feelings, which do not belong to the domain of what is transient and rapidly fleeting, and which arises from the influence to which we are most immediately exposed, but to those pure emotions of the mind which possess an eternal charm for the human heart, because the latter always finds them unchanged with regard to the beauties of nature, and those tender sentiments which steal over it, in the spring of life, when the brilliant prism of the world of feeling is not yet clouded by the shadows of reflection. We must not, therefore, think of forming ourselves on so wonderful a model, for, without especial natural aptitude, we cannot achieve such effects, which can be attained only when they are not sought. It would be in vain for us to

attempt subjecting the charm of their capriciousness to analysis. That capriciousness springs entirely from a mind like Field's.

"For Field the invention of what was new was a relief from what existed, and variety and diversity of form were a necessity, as is usually the case with all who are overflowing with any particular feeling. But, despite this elegance and capricious changeableness, his talent was free from all affectation; on the contrary, his fancy was distinguished for primitive simplicity, which takes a pleasure in finding an endless number of modes of representing the simple and happy harmony of a sentiment with which the heart is filled.

"What we now say, is intended to apply to the composer as well as the *virtuoso*. When he was writing, just as when he was playing, Field's sole aim was to obtain a clear insight into his own feelings, and it is impossible to fancy a more childlike indifference than his towards the public.

"When he went to Paris, he contented himself, in his concerts, with a table-formed instrument, the effect of which was necessarily far inferior to that which could have been produced by another more suited to the places in which attentive audiences assembled, and whom he charmed without intending or knowing it. The almost complete immovability of his hands, and his inexpressive look awoke no curiosity. His eye was not fixed on that of any one else, and his playing proceeded with clearness and fluency. His hands glided over the keys, while the notes grew up beneath them like a long track of pearly foam. It required no effort to discover that he had not so much at heart the satisfaction of any of his auditors as his own. His calmness bordered on apathy, and nothing could trouble him less than the impression he might produce on his audience. Neither in his bearing or the rhythm of his playing was there anything hard or jarring, to break the thread of his melodious dreaming, that spread around him a certain something full of precious fascination, which, by means of his melodies, and in a low voice, caressingly lisped a confession of the sweetest impressions and most charming surprises of the heart.

"Far from ever leaving him, this cool sedateness appeared, on the contrary, to obtain a greater and greater mastery over him the older he grew. Every noise, every movement became completely repulsive to him; he was fond of silence, and when he spoke he did so softly and slowly. Everything boisterous and noisy was opposed to his nature, and avoided by him. His playing, which was so tasty and admirable, assumed the character of a *morbiditas*, the languor of which appeared to grow more striking every day.

"In order to avoid the least unnecessary motion, he invented for the practice, to which he daily devoted several hours to the end of his life, a plan that, unfortunately, seems to have fallen too much into oblivion at the present day. This plan consists in the player's placing a broad gold coin on the surface of the hand, and, in order to prevent it from falling, avoiding all violent movement when playing. This trait affords an excellent estimate of the calmness of his playing and his character. During the later years of his life, a feeling of complete indifference obtained possession of him, and ruled all his corporeal habits to such an extent, that even standing up or walking became a trouble to him. The light weight of a walking-stick was too much for the strength of his hand, unused to all kinds of exertion, and, if he let it fall while he was out, he remained, for want of the amount of energy necessary to pick it up himself, standing near it, and waited quietly until some one happened to pass that way, and picked it up for him.

"Nearly the same was true of his reputation, about which he did not trouble himself in the least. He cared little whether being known far and wide, and praised and celebrated by those who gave the tone to public opinion. For him, art possessed no gratification save that which he found in the charm of giving himself up to it. He never troubled his head as to what place would be assigned him, what kind of name would follow him, what success his works would achieve, or how long they would last. He sang for himself; his own pleasure was the only gratification he required from his art. If he wrote anything, he did so in a kind of abstraction. Many of his works, unfortunately not very numerous, especially his concertos, contain passages

full of originality, astonishing novelty of invention, and indisputable harmonic beauty; when, however, we study them, and imbue ourselves more thoroughly with their contents, we are tempted to believe that, when writing, just as when playing, he consulted merely his own fancy, creating without effort, inventing without exertion, elaborating with ease, and publishing without any ulterior views. How is everything changed now-a-days! But it is precisely to this absence of consideration of the effect that we are indebted for the first (so perfect) attempts to free pianoforte composition from the constraint imposed on it by the normal form, over which all pieces had to be regularly and faithfully stretched, and to endow it with the expression of feeling and a world of dreamy forms. Before his time, a composition was necessarily a sonata, a rondo, or something of that kind. Field was the first to introduce a class of composition which took its origin from none of the existing forms, and in which feeling and song held sole sway, free from the fetters and shackles of a form forcibly imposed on it. He paved the way for all subsequent productions, which appeared under the name of "Songs without words," "Impromptus," "Ballads," etc., and we may trace back to him the origin of those pieces intended to find utterance in notes for particular emotions and intense feeling. It was he who discovered this new field of action, so favourable to the development of natural qualities, distinguished more for tenderness than for lyrical dash.

"The name 'Nocturne' is well adapted to those pieces which Field took it in his head to designate so, for it immediately carries our thoughts, from the present, to those hours when the soul, having escaped all the cares of day, and sunk back in itself, soars upwards to the regions of the starry firmament, where we see it, merry and bepinioned, like the Philomel of the ancients, floating about over the flowers and perfumes of nature, whose lover it is.

"The charm, which constantly attracts back again to these pure and simple effusions such persons as still retain some of their youthful impulses, is all the more irresistible now-a-days, the more we experience the necessity of recovering from the forced and far-fetched outbreaks of more violent and confused passions, peculiar to a considerable portion of the modern school. We have been fated to see, even under the name of 'nocturne,' efforts as strange as they were astonishing offered us, instead of the modest and harmless tenderness which Field introduced in his compositions. One man of genius alone succeeded in breathing into this kind of composition the greatest flexibility and fervour of which it was capable, without losing its sweetness and the vagueness of its pretensions.

"Striking all the chords of elegiac feeling, and dying his dreams in the dark tints of mourning for which Young found such painfully moving expression, Chopin gave us in his 'nocturnes' harmony which becomes the source of our most inexpressible delights, but, at the same time, of our most unquiet and passionate emotions. His flight is higher, although his passions are more deeply wounded, and his sweetness possesses a penetratingly painful effect, so little can it conceal his dispondency. No one will ever be able to surpass, or—what in art is the same thing—to equal the perfection of invention and form, which distinguish all the pieces he published under the name of 'nocturnes.'

"They are more nearly allied to pain than those of Field, and therefore more significant. Their darkly gleaming poetry overpowers us more, but calms us less, and consequently causes us to feel happy at being again able to turn to those pearl-shells, which open, far from the storms of the monster ocean, on the banks of some stream murmuring under the shade of palm-trees, in an oasis whose joys make us forget the desert by which it is surrounded.

"The charm which I always found in these pieces, distinguished by so much melody, and such delicate harmony, extends back to the years of my youth. Long before I thought I should ever meet the author of them, I cradled myself for hours in dreams full of many forms, which arose before my intoxicated soul, after I had been plunged by the music in a sweet stupor, similar to that caused by the agreeable vapour of rose tobacco, replacing, in a narghily full of jasmine perfume, thers had

and fragrant tombeki; hallucinations without fever or convulsions, and rather full of impalpable pictures, gradually fading away, and the touching beauty of which changed, in a moment of ecstatic madness, emotion into passion. In these pieces are united, in the most charming manner, all the qualities which ever excited men to write or read idylls or eclogues. How often did I allow my eye and my thoughts to float over the name of that Madame Rosenkampf, to whom the longest and most beautiful (the fourth nocturne) of these pieces is dedicated; how many confused and pleasing ideas were suggested to me by this same name of Rosenkampf, which had been the motive of such a profoundly feeling, tenderly melancholy, and yet happy creation! Beauty of style is here united with grace of sentiment, and there is such softness in the ornamentation, so choice a selection in the modulations of the thought, that it appears as if nothing was noble, choice and blameless enough for the composer, when he wrote lines so pure.

"The first and fifth of these nocturnes breathes a sentiment of beaming joy. We might almost say they are the development of happiness gained without effort, and enjoyed with raptures. In the second, the tints are darker, like that of light losing itself in a shady alley. We are tempted to assert that, in this song, there predominates the painful feeling of absence, which induced some one to say:

"Absence is a world without a sun."

"The third and sixth are treated more in a pastoral style; the mild breath of balmy breezes pervades their melodies. In them shines the reflection of those changing colours, with which the fleeting vapours of morning dye the dew, so that it is, in turn, roseate, blue, and then lilac. In the last, however, the forms are plainer and the outlines more definite; thus, we perceive, when the oppressive heat of day has dispersed the early fog, wave-shaped vapoury forms which roll like a billow, with a number of smaller billows, glittering like diamonds, in serpentlike folds, over a landscape beaming with light and freshness. This brilliant clearness is by no means opposed to the title of these pieces, nor was it out of mere whim that Field called one of his nocturnes, 'Midday.' Is this not the dream of a man only half awake in one of those summer nights without darkness in St. Petersburg, which he so often saw? Nights covered with a pale veil, which conceals nothing from the eye, and merely envelopes objects in a mist, not thicker than shining dun-coloured silvery crape. A secret affinity dispels the difference between the night shades and the beaming clearness of day, and we no longer are astonished; for the vagueness of the picture causes us to feel that it takes the form it does only in the poet's dreamy fancy, and not in consequence of a model really existing.

"We shall not err in saying that Field's whole life, which was as free from the feverish anxiety to which the wish of seeing and being seen urges most men, as it was unscathed by the parching fire of violent passions, flowed on in a dreamy leisure, lighted up, here and there, by half-tints, and an uncertain *chiaro-oscuro*, and passed away almost like a long nocturne without the stormy lightning, or the tempestuous blast disturb, ing the calm of his peaceable disposition.

"As Clementi's favourite pupil, he learned from that great master the secrets of the most beautiful style of playing of which that epoch could boast, and he changed it into a kind of poetry, in which he will always be an inimitable model of natural grace, melancholy *naïveté*, and, at the same time, simplicity. He is one of those peculiar types of the past school, which are met with only in certain periods of art, when the latter has already become acquainted with its resources, but has not exhausted them to such an extent as to be tempted to extend its dominion and develop itself more freely, in doing which it has more than once wounded its wings, while endeavouring to liberate itself from its fetters.

"FRANZ LISZT."

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE.—The pantomime which Mr. Harrison purposes producing at Christmas, at this theatre, is by Mr. J. V. Bridgeman and Mr. Sutherland Edwards, and will be entitled *Little Red-Riding Hood*.

MANAGER ULLMAN AND THE "THREE HUNGRY FRENCHMEN."

(From the *New York Herald*.)

ASTRONOMERS have discovered spots on the sun. There are periods when the glory of the moon is obscured. The solar system is not perfect. The celestial bodies are eccentric in their conduct. The earth itself, which we inhabit, has its little irregularities—such as volcanoes and earthquakes. As with the terrestrial and celestial bodies, so with the animal creation; and man, the king of all, even in his highest development, is not exempt from the common lot. The greatest statesmen, the most distinguished artists, and the bravest captains have always made almost as many mistakes as they have gained successes. The career of the first Napoleon, splendid as it was, was not free from errors of judgment. It is not to be wondered at, then, that the little Napoleon of the Opera should have some spots on his sun, and that the star of his destiny should sometimes make tracks in eccentric directions. It would be wonderful if, with his astonishing success, and the superior tact with which he has gained it—the dashing brilliancy of his *coups*—he should not have left some joints of his armour open to the lance of envy, malice, or hatred. Such is the fact. Ullman has quarrelled with some of the critics, oyster house and otherwise. As a rule, quarrels are mistakes. But sometimes a gentleman accidentally gets at loggerheads with his valet, or his bootblack, or his cook; sometimes he kicks them out. So with the man of the Academy. He got at loggerheads with some of the critics, quarrels ensued, and he kicked them out. Especially, and palpably, and unmistakably, did he kick out three hungry Frenchmen. Of course we mean kick in a figurative sense. The idea of proceeding physically with a hungry Frenchman would be absurd. Well, what do the three hungry Frenchmen do? Cut off from their free admission to the Opera, they howl like hyenas on a short allowance, or young men about town when asked to a party where there's no supper. They tear their hair, they beat their breasts, they mourn, and groan, and rave, in a way that is especially French and exceedingly amusing. They pour out hogsheads of wrath upon the manager of the Opera, and don't hesitate at a falsehood or two to injure an artist or prejudice the director. That was good fun for the three hungry Frenchmen; but fun must not be all on one side. So the manager has taken up the pen and polished off the three hungry Frenchmen.

Here is the Napoleonic *pronunciamento*, sharp, short, savage, as any of the Little Corporal's effusions: *Voilà!*—

THE MANAGER TO THE HUNGRY FRENCHMEN. *Academy of Music—Statement.*

In the *Courrier des Etats-Unis* of last Monday appeared an article charging me with selling more tickets for the two last *matinées* than the Academy could hold. I give that assertion a flat denial. The Academy seats comfortably four thousand persons, and there have been on several occasions over five thousand in that building. Seeing last Saturday so many ladies—who did not like to go up to the amphitheatre—standing in the passages and lobbies, I had the sale of tickets stopped when the number sold reached 3,800.

I seize the present opportunity to state that for over a year past I have been daily attacked in that paper in the most malicious manner. As the *Courrier des Etats-Unis* is too insignificant to do either good or harm, I never would have noticed them; but these attacks are not confined to me—all my artists are assailed in the same public way, and the chivalrous editors have particularly singled out Madlle. Piccolomini, whom they not only insult in the grossest manner, but annoy her by sending the paper (in office wrappers) to her apartments.

I have not the least doubt that this infamous conduct towards a young and amiable girl will be condemned by the public, and it is only just that this fact should be made known by me.

The French paper enjoyed an enviable position as long as it was in the hands of Mr. Gaillardet. But since that gentleman sold out it has been controlled by three hungry Frenchmen, and in their hands it has lost all its influence, has dwindled down to a very small circulation, and is repudiated by all respectable Frenchmen, who are justly ashamed that it should be considered the organ of a powerful nation. These three hungry Frenchmen are—Trobiani, formerly a resident of Tours, in France; the second is Masseras, half a Frenchman and half a Spaniard; the third, and, thank God, last, is Lassale, the proprietor, who tells every body, with tears in his eyes, that Masseras, his paid

editor, rules him with an iron hand; that he is bound by contract to let Trobriand write what he pleases; that he has to pay him \$25 a week, and that he cannot get rid of him before next May.

I have had the misfortune to displease all of them. Trobriand, because I would not permit my artists to sing at his sugar and water *soirées*, and to be black-mailed to the tune of a couple of airs and a duet per week; Lassale, because I do not advertise as largely in his paper as in the *Herald*, *Times*, *Tribune*, *Express*, *Post*, &c.; Masseras, because I used to address the free admissions to the editors, and not to him alone—he personally being greatly in want of opera tickets for purposes to me unknown, and asking only the moderate number of eighteen reserved and best seats per week, at £2 each. With all these requests I refused to comply, and continued to send four parquet seats to the editors, over which, I am told, the three hungry Frenchmen have been fighting as only excited Frenchmen can fight, until they got tired, when they combined their united forces and fell upon me and my artists, which assaults I answered by stopping both advertisements and free tickets.

B. ULLMAN.

This remarkable *exposé*, the points of which have been discussed in the saloons and lobbies of the Opera, opens to the public view a new chapter in the career of the musical critics of Manhattan. We have been, during several years, keeping a sharp eye upon the oyster-house critics, who pretended once to give the law to the Opera, and, without claiming too much for ourselves, we can still say that they have been brought down to their proper level. But here we have a new cabal, organised by three hungry Frenchmen, upon an entirely new basis, happily denominated sugar and water criticism—sugar and water, the expensive beverage affected by Frenchmen who dine at one pence a head and pocket a lump of the toothsome luxury. Why, alongside of the sugar and water critics the *debris* of the oyster-house clique rises absolutely to the level of comparative respectability. Why, it is meaner than the free feed system of the Sunday papers, and smaller than the existence of the Fifth avenue aristocracy with seven dollars a month butcher's bills. Inviting artists to a *soirée*, forcing them to sing—after the fashion of the British Mæcenas, who asked Paganini to dinner, and then inquired why he didn't bring his fiddle—and then sugaring and watering all hands. We have heard of weak tea criticism, but the sugar and water article is several degrees lower than the faintest infusion of the mildest souchong. The *eau sucré* aroma will adhere to the skirts of the three hungry Frenchmen more tenaciously than the odour of garlic, which adhereth to the Gaul closer than a brother. It will rise up in their absinthe, poison their kirsch, embitter their dominoes, and sharpen the salad of their existence. The record of their tremendous riots over the precious parquette tickets will go down to posterity side by side with the chronicles of the glorious victories of Ullman. Sugar and water on one side, vinegar on the other—fun all around for the appreciative public, with its quiet grin.

But to leave the manager to deal with the three hungry Frenchmen—he who craves for the advertisements, he who gives the sugar and water *soirées*, and makes it a *sine quâ non* that artists shall sing for him or be ignored in the *Courrier*—and, *apropos*, they say that there is still another critic who is grand in the *soirée* business—strictly business in the latter case—or he with the inordinate appetite for tickets, probably to sell them to buy sugar and water for *soirées* like those of his *confrère*—let them go; Ullman can take care of them. The only serious objection to the affair is that the Frenchmen should be so cowardly, so despicable and so mean as to attempt to take their revenge on the manager by false personal attacks upon the bright fame of so admirable an artist, and so altogether estimable a person as Madlle. Piccolomini. What gentleman would be guilty of such a piece of meanness as to send, under his own seal, a malicious attack upon a lady to the person abused? We are quite confident that such conduct will not be sustained by the French people of this city. Their proverbial politeness pretermits the possibility of their doing so. The *Courrier* itself has no standing, but small circulation, and is not in any sense what it pretends to be—the organ of the French population of New York. Even the sugar and water may be withdrawn from the three hungry Frenchmen if they do not have a care. If they libel women to revenge themselves upon men, they may find an *émeute* in a quarter where

they least expect it. Their conduct has opened the way for the establishment of a French organ of the first class, and if they do not mend their manner we should not be surprised to see it. What will become of the three hungry Frenchmen? Salt and water, repentance and ashes, will be their portion, miserable animals as they are.

NEW YORK.—ITALIAN OPERA BY DAYLIGHT.—During the past two Saturday mornings the Academy of Music in this city has witnessed a spectacle which has never been paralleled in the world. We refer to the immense crowd of crinoline that has been gathered there to hear the opera by daylight. The two *matinées* have been attended by as many as eight thousand persons, nearly all women and children. The almost total banishment of the sombre masculine attire, and the gay dresses of the ladies, the buzz of their voices, and the music of their laughter, their tremendous struggles to get in, and their no less extraordinary efforts to get out, made up a scene of delicious novelty. The *matinée* is a great thing; it is curious, refreshing, and amusing in the highest degree.

We do not believe that such an audience as that which assembled at the Academy on last Saturday could be collected in any other capital. In Paris they have occasionally morning concerts; recently in London the experiment of operatic *matinées* has been tried, but without making any very great impression upon the public. The concerts at the Crystal Palace have drawn large audiences; but the people went to Sydenham as much to see the building as to hear the music; and although *matinées* of all sorts are fashionable in England, yet never was John Bull astonished by such a display of the feminine part of his family as that which the Academy day performances have shown to Jonathan. True, the most extraordinary efforts have been made to augment the attractions of the daylight opera. Yet, after all, it is really hard to account altogether for its extraordinary success. It grows, however, chiefly, we apprehend, from the peculiar organisation of society here, and the marked attention that is paid to the musical education of our children. As has already been remarked, when the opera was first introduced here by Malibran, there were only a few families that were sufficiently cultivated to appreciate such a luxury as the music of the great composers expressed by one of the greatest of artists. Then music was not taught in the free schools; then there were but two first-class private academies for the polishing up and finishing off of young ladies. Now there are forty or fifty, each one of which employs several professors of different branches of the musical art.

The proficiency of American ladies in music is known all over the world. Nearly all of them play well, many of them are charming singers, and they are generally first-rate critics—learned equally in laces and cadenzas, ribbons and roulades, *fichus* and *fioritures*. All are passionately fond of the opera; and many of them being unable to instil into the minds of their masculine parents, guardians, husbands, or tender weaknesses, a degree of art enthusiasm equal to that with which their lovely bosoms burn, they hail the *matinée* with delight, regard Ullman as a benefactor of his species, and give him the next place in their affections after the youth who leads the German and the fashionable clergyman with the interesting bronchitis. They can go to the *matinée* in morning costume—that saves money and time; they can go alone or with children, thus obviating the necessity of disturbing the post-prandial slumbers of the *pater familias*; they can fill up the terrible interval between lunch and dinner, when all the men are down town, and they can have their opera and return in good season for the duties connected with the household. Then, the prices are much less, and the expense of a carriage, which is almost a necessity for an evening performance, is saved. The younger branches of the family can receive at the *matinée* instruction and amusement at the same time. The fair daughters of Brooklyn, Jersey City, and other suburban localities, are even more enthusiastic than their metropolitan sisters, the luxury of an operatic performance being an unusual treat to them.

We have thus accounted in our own way for the *matinée* excitement among the ladies. The success of the new movement is so

thorough and complete, that we have no doubt that the opera by sunlight will become a permanent institution—it has now penetrated as far as the right-angled village of Philadelphia—and that the *matinées* would be profitable if they were given as often as twice or thrice during each week. The only trouble about the *matinées* has been found in the crush at the doors before opening, and this may be easily avoided by opening the doors an hour or two earlier. Then Ullman shall be crowned with laurel by a committee of Fifth avenue belles.—*New York Herald*.

Ten of the twelve performances announced by Mr. Ullman, as the Piccolomini season, have already been given at the Academy, at an average receipt of more than three thousand dollars for each representation. The season will be extended so as to make up eighteen or twenty performances, for which the gross receipts will not fall under fifty-thousand dollars. So much for the pecuniary success of the opera. The manager's main reliance, Madlle. Piccolomini, has made a *solid* triumph. If perfection cannot be claimed for her in each of the four parts—Violetta, Leonora (*Trovatore*), Zerlina and Serpina (*La Serva Padrona*),—it may at any rate be admitted that in each of them she has improved her position with the public. Among the future events of the season, which closes with the month, is a *matinée* on Thursday (Thanksgiving Day); the revival of *Robert le Diable*, with Gazzaniga and Laborde; the production of the *Nozze di Figaro*, with Piccolomini and Formes; and the *début* of the new *prima donna*, Madlle. Poinot, as Valentine, in the *Huguenots*. Also an operatic performance at the Brooklyn Athenæum. After next week, the company goes to Boston for eight nights, and to Philadelphia for the same time.

Madame d'Angri sailed for Europe by the "Fulton," on Saturday, and Madame Gazzaniga will sing two nights with the Strakosch company at Philadelphia, previous to her departure for Havana.

The first oratorio performance, *St. Paul* of Mendelssohn, will be given by the Union which bears the composer's name, at the Cooper Institute, on Thursday evening next, with a full orchestral accompaniment, and, as we are informed, a choral force of 140 voices.

At Niblo's Garden, the present week closes the engagement of Miss Agnes Robertson and Mr. Bourcicault. *The Life of an Actress* was played on Monday evening, and Miss Robertson gave the receipts to the Mount Vernon Fund. On Wednesday, Mr. A. H. Davenport takes a farewell benefit before going to New Orleans, where he is engaged for the winter. On Thursday afternoon, *Jessie Brown* will be played for the last time, and on Friday everybody will assist at the *adieux* of Miss Robertson, whose present engagement has been one of sixty-six nights, and who is charming enough to play six hundred times more without wearying the public. The *Ravels* commence at Niblo's next Monday.

Mr. Tom Taylor's *Going to the Bad* has been produced with success at Wallack's—Mr. Brougham as Peter Potts.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Strakosch opera company at Philadelphia attracted larger audiences last week than at the opening of the season. On Friday there was a full house to hear Mad. de Wilhorst in the *Sonnambula*, and Mad. Colson in the *Daughter of the Regiment*. The Italian version of Flotow's *Martha* was produced last night. It has never been sung in Italian in this country. The cast includes Mad. Colson as Henrietta, Mad. Strakosch as Nancy, Sig. Brignoli as Lionel, and Junca (his first appearance) as Plunkett.

PARIS.—Mercadante's *Il Giuramento*, after being neglected for upwards of twenty years, has been produced at the Italiens with great success. The principal characters are supported by Mesdames Penco and Albani, and Signors L. and F. Graziani. When brought out in London at Her Majesty's Theatre, about sixteen or seventeen years ago, if our memory serve us right, the cast included Madame Grisi, Mademoiselle Brambilla, Signor Moriani, and Signor Fornasari. *Il Giuramento* is considered in Italy the *chef-d'œuvre* of the composer.

THE YANKEES AND THE ITALIAN OPERA.

The Liverpool *Northern Daily Times* of Wednesday, in a "leader" about the spread of luxurious habits among our Yankee brethren, thus speaks of "matters operatic" in the United States:—

"There is, however, another item of luxury, which our republican cousins also import, and at a great cost, from Europe, that is not included in the foregoing calculation; and that is not, in fact, to be found in any of their lists of imports, official or otherwise—we mean the Italian Opera. It would be difficult, perhaps, to estimate very correctly the actual cost of this particular import altogether. We find that in the city of New York alone there is expended upon that constantly going series of musical and dramatic entertainments, of which it is the foremost and the dearest, as much as 6,000 dollars a-night—that is, between 30,000 and 40,000 dollars a-week; and, on an average, it is calculated to be not far short of 2,000,000 of dollars a-year. It is an import, the introduction of which they date back, we see, to about three-and-thirty years ago. 'The history of the Italian opera in the United States,' says the *New York Herald*, 'may be fairly commenced from the 29th day of November, 1825, when Maria Felicia Garcia, known subsequently as Madame Malibran, made her *début* in New York as Rosina in the *Barber of Seville*.'

"It would be idle to say that the audience which greeted the young artist was capable of understanding the music of Rossini, or of appreciating its fair and gifted exponents. In that day there was hardly anything like musical criticism in the journals or in society. Since that time, however, such capability has made extraordinary progress, not only in New York, but more or less in all the principal cities of the Union. 'In the twenty years succeeding Malibran's visit'—the account we have just quoted from continues—'the city made wonderful progress in wealth and refinement. The musical education of young women in fashionable circles became a speciality in the boarding schools, seminaries, and convents, which sprung up in the aristocratic quarters of the city and in the suburbs. All the young ladies in society were taught to play or to sing, sometimes before they had learned to spell correctly, and many of them at this day understand French and Italian better than their mother tongue. Consequently, when the Astor Place Opera House was erected, there was an audience already grown up for it, and this audience has been receiving multitudes of recruits as the finishing schools turn out their cohorts year by year, until now, that we have a public—as least so far as the feminine part of it is concerned—perfectly capable to weigh truly the merits of any music, however difficult, or any artist, however great or small.' Besides, not in the fashionable circles only is music now cultivated, but there are musical classes for those in the middle walks of life, with musical *soirées* being continually held for displaying their attainments; and, moreover, 'within a few years vocal music has been taught in all the free schools of the city, which have turned out many creditable pupils.' And this, argues the *New York annalist*, 'is the whole secret of the success of the Opera. The ladies of our moneyed aristocracy, from fourteen to forty years of age, are better educated musically, as a rule, than the class which makes up the London and Paris audiences, and our native amateur artists go to the Opera as much to hear the music as to show their new clothes or criticise others, which shows a devotion to art that is wonderful in the extreme.'

"It is altogether, in fact, one cannot but conclude, an *extreme* concern. See, in further illustration of this, what another account in the *New York papers* last to hand tells us of a recent *Opera Matinée* in that city:—'Any foreigner entering the Academy at two o'clock yesterday, would take our citizens to be the idlest or the most musically fanatical of any of the great metropolitan communities. To see a theatre like this filled with close upon four thousand people, in the busiest time of the day, and during a pelting rain, would naturally lead him to one or other of those conclusions. In London, Paris, or any other great cities of the Continent, no such spectacle is to be witnessed—not that the attractions are wanting there to draw people together. The reason we are to presume is, that the inhabitants of those capitals have neither the taste nor the means to support day entertainments on such a gigantic scale. It is only the aristocracy who sustain the Opera abroad, whilst here all classes take delight in it, and find means to indulge their inclinations. It is quite true, as we also read in the *New York papers*, that 'there must be some refining, soothing, and agreeable amusement in a country where the intellectual and physical man are constantly overworked, and the problem as to exactly what this amusement should be, has, we believe, been solved by the permanent establishment of the Italian Opera in this country.' This, we say, may be quite true. But matter-of-fact men of business must naturally ask, 'Will it pay?'

"As a question of social economy, then, it is both curious and serious. This taste, this refinement of 'the ladies of the moneyed aristocracy' of New York—and of ladies also, we are persuaded, who are neither very moneyed nor very aristocratical,—and not such only, but the very multitude, almost; for 'all classes take delight in it, and find means to indulge their inclinations,'—such costly gratifications, so commonly enjoyed, we say, must of necessity involve financial considerations of no slight moment. The one item of Italian import, could it only be correctly estimated, would form a line of figures, among those of silks, satins, jewellery, and such like, which must swell out the amount, already enormous enough, of general imports to a very pretty sum—a pretty sum indeed for a commercial community, under any circumstances, to be mulcted of; but more extraordinary in a political and social, as well as a financial point of view, when that community is republican—we will not say plebeian—as well as commercial."

BEDFORD.—(From a Correspondent).—Mr. Rose gave his annual Concert, on Tuesday, Nov. 9, in the Assembly room, to a crowded audience. Several madrigals were given in good style by the Bedford Harmonic Society. Miss Lazarus was encoired in "Constance," which she sang very sweetly. The lady is also a pianist, and a clever one to boot, and played a fantasia on airs from Weber's operas. Mr. Lazarus's clarinet performance was, of course, the gem of the concert. He was vociferously encoired in a solo of his own composition, and played instead one of the Irish melodies with variations, which again created an uproar of applause.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Under the Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

LAST SIX NIGHTS.

On Monday (by special desire) her Majesty's servants will perform for the last time Wallace's opera *MARTANA*. Don Cesar de Buzan (his original character) Mr. W. Harrison; Marianna, Miss Louisa Pyne. Other characters by Miss Susan Pyne, Miss M. Prescott, Mr. Ferdinand Glover, Mr. George Honey, Mr. J. G. Patey, &c. On Tuesday and Thursday (12th, 12th, and last times) Balfe's highly successful opera *THE ROSE OF CASTILLE*. Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss M. Prescott, Mr. Ferdinand Glover, Mr. A. St. Albyn, Mr. George Honey, Mr. Bartleman and Mr. W. Harrison. On Wednesday and Friday, *IL TROVATORE*. Minnie, Mr. W. Harrison; Leonora, Miss Louisa Pyne. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. To conclude with (on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday), a Ballet Divertissement, in which Madras, Zilia Michiel, Moriacchi and Pasquale will appear. On Tuesday and Thursday, *LA FLEUR D'AMOUR*. On Saturday evening (the last night of the season) the performances will be for the BENEFIT OF MISS LOUISA PYNE.

Acting Managers Mr. William Brough and Mr. Edward Murray. Stage Manager Mr. Edward Sirling. Doors open at seven, commence at half-past.

The Public is respectfully informed, that the Tragedy of *MACBETH* can only be represented for a limited number of nights.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Farewell Season of Mr. CHARLES KEAN as Manager.

ON MONDAY, Wednesday, and Friday, *MACBETH*. Tuesday and Saturday, *MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING*. Thursday, *KING JOHN*. Preceded every evening by a FARCE.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.—LYCEUM THEATRE

LAST ELEVEN NIGHTS, ending on Saturday, Dec. 18th.—EVERY NIGHT at Eight o'clock.—M. WIENIAWSKI, the celebrated Violinist, will perform every evening.—Vocalist, Mad. EVELINA GARCIA. On Monday, a 3rd and Last BEETHOVEN NIGHT, on which occasion Miss ARABELLA GODDARD will make her 4th appearance this season. The First Part of the programme will consist entirely of the Works of Beethoven, including Overture "Leonora," Sonata for Piano-forte and Violin (Knutzer Sonata) performed by Miss ARABELLA GODDARD and M. WIENIAWSKI. "Symphony in C minor." Second Part—Miscellaneous.

M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL BAL MASQUE, on Monday, December 13th.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

The Entertainment on Madame Celeste's Benefit having met with the most unequivocal success, the piece will be repeated four nights this week. The original drama of *THE LITTLE SUTLER* a decided hit; see the opinions of the public press. On Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, to commence with *CHRISTMAS EVE*, in which Madame Celeste will sustain her original character, supported by Mr. Paul Bedford. To be followed by, every evening (Friday excepted), an original drama called *THE LITTLE SUTLER*. The Little Sutler, Madame Celeste; Immelle, Miss Eliza Arden; The Czar, Mr. James Johnston. On Wednesday, by desire, *SATAN*. On Friday, *THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST*. To conclude each evening with *THE FATAL DREAMER*. Ruth Martin, Mrs. R. Honner. Great preparations for the *CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME*. The celebrated TOM MATTHEWS as Clown.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ONE WHO WAS PRESENT AND A CONSTANT READER.—"Medicus enim nihil aliud est quam animi consolatio." *Mars is a lover of justice, therefore let every man have his plate and bottle.*

THE CHURCHES OF STOKE NEWINGTON.—Next week.

JOB.—"Post Asellum Diaria non sumo."

M. A. DUMAS.—No reports of concerts can be inserted, unless from accredited contributors and correspondents. We were not aware that M. A. Dumas, who forwards us a notice of a concert that recently took place at Islington, with the following peremptory order—"For insertion into the Musical World, from A. Dumas—was either one or the other."

MR. E. B. CRESSWELL.—We cannot open our columns to controversies which have already been exhausted in those of a contemporary.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4TH, 1858.

THE French dramatists, who, blown up by English bellows, made a great fume some time ago, about the adaptation of their pieces for the London stage, which they declared was a violation of the law of international copyright, and who wished to reserve to themselves the right of specifying the particular translation that might be legally performed in our metropolis, overlooked one very important fact—the fact that the public of London is not identical with the public of Paris.

In his sublime self-complacency the French dramatist, who has attained a success in his native capital, firmly believes that his piece is perfect, not only considered with reference to the place in which it has been actually produced, but with reference to the entire universe. The lax vaudeville that has excited roars at the Palais Royal would—as the Frenchman thinks—be equally fortunate in Jupiter's fourth moon, if it could be conveyed thither by some daring proficient in aeronautical art. Tell him that the precious emanation of his brain requires modification in order to suit the English taste, and he will give an answer similar to that given by Handel to the poetaster, who complained that the former had written music ill-adapted to his words. "My music is very good music," said the irate composer, "alter your d—d words to fit it." "Modify my piece!" exclaims the French dramatist; "No—let the English be modified till they like it."

The British zealots, who—Heaven knows why—so long kept urging the French to advance their claims with vigour, really exhorted them to seek a privilege which they could not have turned to any practical account whatever. The translation that most accurately resembled the original would have been the one preferred by the French author, but this very accuracy, which would be a merit in his eyes, would utterly preclude it from the London stage. The least successful adaptations from the French are those which have most closely adhered to the original text; the most successful have been those, in which the idea only, and perhaps the sequence of the situations, has been brought from the other side of the channel, while the characters and the dialogue are thoroughly English. Who ever saw a more thoroughly Cockney farce than *Box and Cox*? Yet this deservedly popular piece is a growth from a Parisian root. The British dramatists of the present day may not be overstocked with inventive talent, but at all events there is something of their own in the most successful adaptations, and on this something does the success very materially depend.

We call attention to this fact, not for the sake of ripping up an old quarrel with the French dramatists, who, if left to themselves, would have been utterly indifferent to the London stage and its doings, and have now, we hope, forgotten all that has been said and written on the subject; we call attention to it because certain London publishers act on the assumption that a literal translation from the French will answer all the purposes of the cleverest adaptation, and thus do considerable damage to the members of the Dramatic Author's Society, who, at whatever rate they may be estimated, fairly represent the present condition of dramatic talent in this country. There may not be a Shakspeare or a Sheridan in the society; but at all events its members are far superior to the "outsiders;" and every young author, who has made anything like a respectable "hit," contrives as soon as he can to enter the fraternity.

Now, the act of the London publishers to which we refer, is something of this kind. As soon as an adaptation from the French has been produced in London, and has achieved a success, they make a literal translation of their own, which they send into the provinces, and ignorant managers are easily induced to believe that this has all the qualifications of the London piece, and that, by playing it, they may avoid those fees that constitute the revenue of the Dramatic Author's Society. When a "London Star" goes down into the country the mischief is discovered. Instead of a piece sparkling with dialogue, which he has often rendered still more brilliant by his own vivacity; instead of a number of droll allusions to social matters that Englishmen can appreciate, he finds a wooden, lifeless thing, without a particle of fun about it, and the provincial company must unlearn all they have previously studied before the "star" can make a particular piece a vehicle for the display of his talents.

We do not mean to deny the right of booksellers to translate what they please, and to pay what they please for translation; but we would warn provincial managers that two pieces are not necessarily of equal merit because they are founded on the same original, and that if they mean to take advantage of a London success, they ought to secure the very adaptation by which the success has been achieved.

M. JULIEN'S CONCERTS.—In consequence of its enormous success, it has been decided to repeat the Beethoven selection on Monday night, on which occasion the Kreutzer Sonata will be performed by Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Wieniawski.

EXETER HALL.—Last night the first great vocal rehearsal of the Handel Commemoration Festival took place in Exeter Hall, when the choruses of Handel's *Balshazzar* were tried, under the direction of Mr. Costa.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP has issued the programme for her first concert, at Exeter Hall, on Monday week. She sings Guglielmi's "Gratias agimus," the clarinet *obbligato* by Mr. Lazarus; Mendelssohn's "Infelice;" the song, "Oft in the stilly night;" a new ballad, written expressly for her, called "Little Nell;" and, with Signor Belletti, the duet "Quanto Amore," from *L'Elisir d'Amore*. This is an admirable selection, comprising examples of the highest classic, the Italian florid, and the simple ballad schools. Miss Arabella Goddard will play Weber's *Concert-Stück* and Thalberg's "Home, sweet home." Between the parts M. Wieniawski will perform the "Carnaval de Venise." Besides Signor Belletti, Madame Bishop has joined with her, in the vocal department, Mr. and Madame Weiss.

MANCHESTER.—The Free-trade Hall, on Monday evening, the 22nd ult., presented a very crowded appearance. The artists were all popular, and the programme was peculiarly adapted to their capacities. The list included Miss Armstrong, Miss Newbound, Miss Eliza Webb, and Mr. Charles Braham, as vocalists. M. Remenyi made his second appearance as solo violinist.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

THE following was the programme at the first concert of the fourth season, which took place in St. Martin's Hall, on Thursday evening, before a large audience:—

PART I.

Madrigal, "Sweete flowers"	T. Attwood Walmisley.
Madrigal, "Fair May Queen"	Luca Marenzio.
*Part-song for Male Voices, "This pleasant month of May"	Beale.
Trio, "The Warrior," Miss L. Van Noorden, Miss Cazaly, and Miss Leffer	G. A. Macfarren.
*Part-song, "The dawn of day"	S. Reay.
Motet for Double Choir, "The Spirit also helpeth us"	J. S. Bach.
Organist, Mr. J. C. Ward.	

PART II.

Madrigal, "Lullaby"	W. Byrd.
*Madrigal, "My bonnie lass she smileth"	Morley.
Duo Concertante for two pianofortes (MS.), —first time of performance—Miss E. Ward and Mr. C. E. Stephens	Charles E. Stephens.
Part-song, "Orpheus with his lute"	G. A. Macfarren.
Part-song for Male Voices, "The Hunter's farewell"	Mendelssohn.
Part-song, "Ave Maria"	Henry Smart.
Conductor, Mr. Leslie.	

Although, we understand, Mr. Leslie has to regret the loss of some of his best singers since last season, there was no very perceptible difference in the excellence of the choir. The first and second madrigals (Walmisley and Marenzio), both fine specimens, the one modern, the other ancient, were capitally given, and we should like to have heard them repeated, instead of those to which asterisks are affixed (the asterisks are meant to designate "encores")—which, while equally well performed, are (Morley's madrigal excepted) much inferior as compositions. Byrd's "Lullaby," too, Mr. Macfarren's "Orpheus," Mendelssohn's "Hunter," and Mr. Henry Smart's "Ave Maria," were all genuine treats, notwithstanding the fact that, excepting the "Lullaby," (where the "pianissimo" was delicious), they have all been better—much better executed.

J. S. Bach's motet (of which Mr. Macfarren has given a very interesting analysis in the programme) was a complete and well-merited success. *Bravissimo!* Mr. Leslie. Go on in this direction, and you will do some service; you will aid Professor Bennett in the accomplishment of his hobby, the popularisation of Bach's vocal music, and you will help the onward march of true art in the bargain. Nothing could have been more creditable to the conductor and his choir than the manner in which this complex and difficult music was performed, nothing more creditable to the audience than the attention with which it was heard, and the thorough appreciation it received. Mr. T. C. Ward played the organ part.

The duo concertante of Mr. C. E. Stephens is very well written, and was played with infinite spirit by the composer and Miss E. Ward, a light, promising, young pianist. But it was much too long for such a concert, and, moreover, was placed too late in the programme—so at least the audience seemed to think. The performances began with the "National Anthem," and terminated with "Rule Britannia." Mr. Leslie was warmly welcomed. Next week we shall have a word or two to say about his prospectus.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—To day a concert, composed entirely of Mozart's music, will take place, it being the anniversary of the great composer's death. Of this, and of the third concert (on Saturday last), we shall speak in our next.

STOURPORT.—About sixty of the inhabitants of this town held a meeting at the National School Room, to form a choral society. Mr. Blundell was called to the chair, and after briefly explaining the subject for the consideration of which they had assembled, a committee was appointed to carry out the arrangements. Fifty were entered as members, and the formation of a large choral society may be looked for. A vote of thanks to Mr. Blundell was proposed and carried unanimously.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

MONDAY and Wednesday were "Beethoven Nights." On Monday, when the house was crowded, the first part of the programme was as follows:

Overture, "Leonora."
Sonata, (dedicated to Kreutzer), piano and violin.
Song, (Marcellina), "Fidelio."
Overture, "Egmont."
Symphony in C minor.

Miss Poole sang the charming air from *Fidelio*, simply and purely. The great Kreutzer sonata went with spirit. M. Wieniawski's playing was admirable, and he was encored in the most popular variation of the slow movement. M. Silas, an able and experienced musician, if not quite a first-rate concert pianist, performed his task bravely, and shared the applause with the Polish virtuoso, when the audience recalled them both to the orchestra. In the overture to *Egmont*, the band was unusually careless, and the passage that leads from the introduction to the *allegro* was missed altogether. Such a want of respect towards the public, on the part of the gentlemen who have been, perhaps, too warmly and constantly eulogised by the press, was unpardonable. M. Wieniawski, arriving late, did not play till after the *Egmont* overture; but meanwhile, M. Jullien, in a short speech, stated that he had sent "the commissioner" after him—which greatly amused the house, and prevented any expression of discontent.

The symphony was well played, and immensely applauded.

On Wednesday—when the house was crammed to suffocation, from roof to floor, and hundreds were sent away from the doors—the song from *Fidelio* and the Kreutzer sonata were omitted. In their place, however, we had the first movement of the violin concerto, and the whole of the matchless pianoforte concerto in E flat.

Why M. Wieniawski omitted the last two movements of the violin concerto is best known to himself. Perhaps he has not committed them to memory, like the first *allegro*. At any rate on such an occasion, and before so musical an audience, there was no excuse for curtailing so grand a work. M. Wieniawski played splendidly and was greatly applauded, besides being recalled—and this in spite of a *cadenza* on which we cannot by any means compliment him.

Miss Arabella Goddard (who never curtails or otherwise takes liberties with classical music) achieved the most brilliant success of the evening. Her performance was masterly, expressive, intelligent, and poetical, from first to last, and roused the audience to the utmost degree of enthusiasm. She was summoned back to the orchestra, on retiring, amidst acclamations of delight from all parts of the house—a result the more satisfactory, inasmuch as the triumph of Miss Goddard was wholly genuine and artistic.

M. Jullien must give another "Beethoven night," to console those who were disappointed on Wednesday—when, not only the concerto, but the overtures and symphony all went to perfection, and were all uproariously applauded.

The singer at these concerts is now Mad. Evelina (not Eugenie, still less Pauline Viardot) Garcia. On Monday night (in the second part) she was favourably received, and encored in "Robert, toi que j'aime."

MANCHESTER.—At M. Charles Hallé's orchestral concert last week, the *Battle Symphony* of Beethoven, Weber's overture to *Euryantje*, Hérold's to *Zampa*, the marches from the *Prophète* and *Tannhäuser* were the principal instrumental pieces. A violin solo was cleverly played by Master Iles, and a solo on the oboe by Herr Engl. Miss Armstrong, the vocalist, was encored in "Kathleen Mavourneen." M. Hallé did not play a solo on this occasion.

TORQUAY.—The first concert of the Choral Society was not very fully attended, owing to the unfavourable weather. The band played Beethoven's overture to *Prometheus* in capital style. The same praise may be awarded to the madrigal sung by the chorus, "Down in a flowery vale." Miss Brimmacombe was encored in a song entitled "Liberty." A duet for violin and piano, played by Messrs. Rice and Fowler, was deservedly applauded. Altogether the concert gave satisfaction.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE season commenced on Friday night (26th ultimo) with *The Creation*. The Hall was full, and the execution of Haydn's light and cheerful oratorio, so far as the choruses were concerned, remarkably good. The solo parts were not so fortunate. Mr. Sims Reeves being indisposed, his place was supplied by Mr. George Perren, who did his best, but whose best could not possibly atone for the loss of the greatest living singer of sacred music. Mad. Rudersdorff, the soprano, in the first two parts, gave "With verdure clad" finely, but "On mighty pens" and the rest indifferently. Mr. Weiss, the bass, was all that could be desired; and Mad. Weiss (as Eve), in Part III., sang her best. Mr. Costa conducted, and was warmly received. The *Messiah* will be the next oratorio. Meanwhile Handel's *Balshazzar* is to be revived. *Tant mieux*. The Sacred Harmonic Society, as a contemporary justly observes, "has been too long reposing on its laurels."

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

THE first concert of the 13th season took place on Monday night in the Hanover-square Rooms. The symphony was one of Haydn's in B flat, the overtures were *Ruy Blas* and *Le Lac des Fées*. These were played by this amateur band much in the same style as they have been played before and are likely to be played again, whatever pains Mr. Henry Leslie, the conductor, may take. No improvement was remarked. How, indeed, can improvement be expected?

There was vocal music—Miss Kemble giving a song from *The Gipsy's Warning* (Benedict), Mr. Santley the serenade from *Don Giovanni*, and this lady and gentleman in conjunction a duet by Signor Schira. The serenade was encored.

One feature in this concert would have redeemed more sins of commission and of omission than we have to bring against it—we mean the pianoforte playing of Mdle. Angelina, who should be called the professor-amateur, so great does she excel other dilettanti, and so superior is she to the large majority of professors. This extremely talented young lady performed twice. Her first essay was Sterndale Bennett's caprice in E major, a work as difficult as it is beautiful; but neither too difficult for Mdle. Angelina to execute, nor too profoundly beautiful for her to understand. Her playing of this was in all respects admirable, spirited, and congenial to the author. In the second part Mdle. Angelina introduced two very graceful little pieces, entitled *Réveries*, from her own pen; the first (*Lament*) a tender and expressive romance in G minor; the second a sparkling and genial pastoral in A flat—both of which engaging and highly-finished bagatelles were played to perfection. Mdle. Angelina ought to play at every one of the amateur concerts to give them an *éclat artistique*.

Mr. Henry Leslie was warmly received on entering the orchestra.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mr. Dawson's concert came off on Monday evening, in the New Town Hall. Great disappointment was caused by the non-appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves, who telegraphed to the concert given the previous evening, his inability to attend, through a severe attack of influenza. Mr. Dawson, however, kept the secret to himself until the hall was filled when the unwelcome news was received with loud and angry disapprobation. The concert proceeded with much interruption until Miss Dolby calmed the angry storm by her beautiful performance of Balfe's last inspiration "Daybreak." The audience then consented to listen to the remainder of the programme, which was a highly attractive one, and included the names of Miss Dolby, Mr. and Mdme. Weiss, Messrs. Blagrove, Dawson, Aylward, Clementi, and Colchester.

BRIGHTON.—The concert of Herr Derffel, the eminent pianist, was attended by one of the largest audiences of the season. M. Sainton, Sig. Piatti, Sig. Dragoni, M. Regondi, Mr. Ransford, and Madlle. Finoli were the artists. The programme consisted chiefly of classical pieces. A sonata by Mozart, for piano and violin, admirably played by Herr Derffel and M. Sainton, produced a great effect. The slow movement was encored.

DRURY LANE.

Mr. W. HARRISON took his benefit on Monday, and selected Verdi's opera, *Il Trovatore*—the English version, of course. He performed the part of Manrico for the first time in London, having played it frequently in the provinces, and, we believe, in America. Miss Louisa Pyne appeared also for the first time before the London public as Leonora. Mr. Ferdinand Glover was the Count di Luna; Miss Susan Pyne, Azucena; and Miss Marian Prescott, Inez. The house was very full, and the performance received throughout with great applause.

Mr. Harrison is seen to much advantage in Manrico. In the first act he does not shine conspicuously—as, indeed, who does? "Ah! si ben mio" was well given, while the *cabaletta*, "Di quella pira," deserves to be praised for its power and energy. In the "Miserere" Mr. Harrison sang his very best, and vented poor Manrico's plaints within the tower with excellent effect. This piece, capably given by the tenor, Miss Louisa Pyne, and the chorus, was loudly encored. On the whole, Mr. Harrison may be said to have produced a decided effect in his new impersonation.

Miss Louisa Pyne is hardly well fitted in so severely dramatic a character as that of Leonora, which taxes the powers of Grisi, Titiens, Mesdames Eosio and Spezia, to the utmost. The general public, on Monday night, nevertheless, were completely satisfied. The opening cavatina, "Tacea la notte," most admirably sung, was unanimously encored and repeated, and the perfect vocalisation of Miss Pyne in the "Miserere" was mainly instrumental in obtaining for it the loud and universal redemand it achieved.

Mr. Ferdinand Glover made a discreet Count, and sang the popular "Il balen" to such good purpose as to elicit a decided encore.

Miss Susan Pyne surprised the audience by her vigorous efforts in the character of the gipsy mother, although her voice was not at all times equal to the music.

The chorus throughout was admirable, and the band, under Mr. Alfred Mellon's direction, unexceptionable.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.—Mrs. Charles Mathews took her benefit on Saturday evening. That, and the fact that it was positively the last night of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, attracted a great crowd to the theatre. The play was the comedy of *The Belle's Stratagem*—once so popular as affording actresses in the highest walks of comedy an opportunity of showing off their allurements and talents in Miss Letitia Hardy. The piece is now as old-fashioned and antiquated as a pig-tail, or ribbed stockings. Mrs. Charles Mathews appears to know none of the traditions of Letitia Hardy. Her views are entirely original. We have seen parts interpreted with far greater effect, and yet Mrs. Charles Mathews pleased us much by her extreme suavity and artlessness, and a certain air, grace and manner, more homely than belonging to the boards, and anything but of the stage, stogy. Mr. Charles Mathews is inimitable in Flutter. The part must have been written for him by anticipation. The comedy was followed by *The Critic*, Puff and Sir Fretful Plagiary—as on former occasions, at the Lyceum and elsewhere—being sustained by Mr. Charles Mathews, and Tilburina by Mrs. Charles Mathews. The lady shines in burlesque, simply because she plays without attempting to burlesque, which is the great secret in performances of this kind, as the late Mr. Hammond, more than any other actor we remember, proved most satisfactorily in his *Othello Travestied*. Her quiet earnestness was irresistible. On Monday, to make some amends for the loss of such two great favourites as Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, Mr. Buckstone introduced for the first time on the boards of the Haymarket theatre, that eccentric baronet, high Sir William Don, who, as a grotesque comedian, has been endeavouring, for some months past, to delight the audiences in the principal towns of the provinces, and now descends on the metropolis to take London by storm. Sir Don, if an artist, is an artist entirely *sin generis*. He does not act so much as gesticulate; he does not care to copy nature in the abstract or the concrete; grimace in his

countenance performs part the of expression, while extravagance and caricature in the play of the features and distortion of the limbs are carried even without the limits of pantomime. Sir Don is six feet and a half in his vamps, and, with well regulated high heels, might do the state some service by letting himself out—or in rather—to be carried round the country inside a van as a giant. He would make a good giant of his inches. As an actor, he will never become a dwarf, much less a giant. If he could keep himself quiet, he would do to play Gulliver in the burlesque of the *Lilliputians*, with Messrs. Keeley, Buckstone, Robson, Clark, Rogers, Toole, and others, as the pigmy men moving round him. Sir Don created such roars of laughter as were never created before inside the walls of a patent theatre. The audience roared at his size, screamed at his smirks and smiles, bellowed at his elocution, and went frantic at his capers. There is no denying that Sir Don made everybody laugh; in short—or, in long, rather—the Don is irresistible, and, as a novelty, is decidedly entitled to support. He made his appearance as John Small in Morton's not very brilliant farce, *Whitebait at Greenwich*, which has been repeated every night during the week. We advise everybody to pay a visit to the Haymarket, and see Sir Don, Bart., in John Small. So great a man in so small a part he is never likely to see again.

OLYMPIC.—A new drama from the French, entitled *The Porter's Knot*, was brought out on Thursday evening, with entire success, Mr. Robson sustaining the principal character with great effect.

MISS VINNING.—This accomplished young lady, who has become one of the most favourite vocalists visiting Liverpool, deserves a special notice at our hands, not alone for the talents displayed by her, but also for the anxious desire evinced to please the numerous audiences (assembled at the concerts of Mr. Thomas.) We believe, at a very early age, Miss Vinning was introduced to the "foot lights" through the medium of her parents, and, as the "Infant Sappho," for several years gave promise of that which has since charmed her admirers, and which, in due time, has created her one of the most popular ballad singers of the day. It is indeed in the "home ballads" of our own land that Miss Vinning has made herself the general favourite she has become. During the present week, at Mr. E. W. Thomas's concerts she has proved herself to be a greater favourite than ever, and certainly more than we expected. The pieces given by her have comprised selections from the *Trovatore* and *Traviata*. The "Garland," Macfarren's "When shall we meet again," "Vedrai Carino," "Where the bee sucks," "Home sweet home," "Too late, too late," &c., all of which she gave with the utmost sweetness, ease, and power. In reference to the song, "Too late," by Mr. R. S. Pratten, we may remark, that it was specially written for her, and certainly the author has reason to congratulate himself on the success of his piece, in no little degree to be attributed to the fair songstress. We may be allowed to rejoice upon Miss Vinning's high position and success in the profession, and also that Mr. E. W. Thomas may always depend upon the success of his concerts with such vocalists.—*Northern Times*.

THE HARVEST MOON.—September, the month of the Harvest Moon, is the beloved month of moonshine for the million. This month of bright English autumn weather is the holiday month of many a fagged student and many a busy labourer in the world's work. In this month, of all others, the full moon rises so soon after sunset that the short evening walk begun in sunshine may be closed in moonlight. After the 21st of this month, English moonlight walks, weather permitting, are to be enjoyed at reasonable hours in their perfection. Simply because of its rising, night after night, after the full, more closely upon the sunset than any other, the moon, which is at its full on or nearest the 21st of September, is called the Harvest Moon. Labourers who would make haste to gather in their harvests, may go on with their work by moonlight when the sunlight fails. On the 21st of September the sun sets due west, and the moon rises due east. Then it is that the orbit of the moon makes the least possible angle with the horizon.—*Household Words*.

BRIGHTON—(From a Lady Correspondent).—A concert was held on Tuesday evening, in the Banqueting Room of the Pavilion, by Mad. Dotti, a new visitor to these shingles, and one who, to judge from testimonials, references, announcements, *réclames*, and so forth, should be "some-body" (as Mad. Sherrington Lemmens says in the old ballad). At any rate the concert was fashionably attended, and some first-rate artists from London were engaged—notamment Arabella Goddard (the pianist), Sinton (the violinist), and Piatti (the violoncellist). The entertainment began with a truly splendid performance of Mendelssohn's second trio (in C minor) by the above-named famous players, with which the audience were more than delighted (as was testified by the heartiness of their applause), and about which a local leaf (*The Brighton Gazette*) speaks as subjoined:—

"We question very much the propriety of introducing long trios and quartets in entertainments of this kind, however admirably they may be performed. No greater treat could be afforded to those who really understand and appreciate classical chamber music, than the execution of Mendelssohn's trio in C minor, by Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Sinton, and Signor Piatti, which was perfection itself, but the audience evidently were pleased when it was finished. There are times and places for the introduction of such music as this, but the ordinary concert room should not be selected for displays of this kind."

Which amounts to saying that in the ordinary concert-room music is out of place. We deny, however, the writer's major. The audience were not pleased at the end because the trio was finished, but because they had listened to a magnificent composition magnificently interpreted. In another place, after rendering full justice to Arabella Goddard's superb execution of W. V. Wallace's "Robin Adair," on being encored in which the young lady substituted the same ready and gifted Hibernian composer's "Home, Sweet Home" ("Horatio—or I do forget myself"—it may have been Sigismond Thalberg's), states his preference for Herr Kuhe's reading of the latter piece. I quote the paragraph unshorn:—

"Much interest was taken, after the lapse of a considerable period, in the re-appearance at Brighton of Miss Arabella Goddard, who enjoys a high reputation as a pianist. The extraordinary progress this young lady has made since she performed a fantasia, on airs from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, here, when a child of some fourteen or fifteen years of age, was strikingly evinced by her admirable execution of a fantasia on "Robin Adair," written expressly for her by Vincent Wallace, in which the power of her left hand was forcibly shown, thundering out the bass with almost the giant power of a Thalberg, whilst she revelled in a shower of light upper notes, displaying the most exquisite touch and skill. We need scarcely add that she was most rapturously encored, and she then treated the audience to the now popular, "Home, Sweet Home," of Thalberg, which she gave with all that artistic skill, acquired only by long practice and experience. *But with all deference to Miss Goddard, we like Kuhe's interpretation of the piece better than that of Miss Goddard.* This now seems to be a sort of stock piece among the leading pianists of the day, and it certainly requires the most refined interpretation."

Poor Herr Kuhe, a harmless individual, and a highly respectable teacher-how-to-shoot of the young idea, must have committed some awful offence against the critic of *The Brighton Gazette* to be thus satirised. No one is better aware than Herr Kuhe himself of the immeasurable distance between his playing and that of Madlle. Goddard, from the diatonic scale of C major to the Sonata Op. 106 of Beethoven. You had some time since an article by Heine, which you entitled, "A stone thrown at Mendelssohn from behind a wall." Now this declaration of preference on the part of the Brighthelmstone Aristarchus was neither more nor less than a stone thrown at Herr Kuhe from behind Arabella Goddard. The unoffending pedagogue may well cry, "Save me from my friends"—if ever, indeed, he was soft enough to believe this Sussex mad wag a friend of his.

Among the singers at the concert was our ancient acquaintance Burdini, who received an encore in Mario's air from *Martha*, which he transposed to serve his turn. Mr. Charles Braham had a cold, but otherwise sang strenuously. Sig. Piatti played a solo; Herr Kuhe endeavoured to accompany M. Sinton in the duet on *Don Giovanni*, the joint composition of MM.

Wolff and Vieuxtemps (a precious result of the union of two energetic pericraniums!), and made another attempt at a *fantasia* on the *Huguenots*, by M. Emile Prudent, a rather imprudent *coup d'essai* than otherwise; lastly, M. Sinton gave his own piece on the *Traviata*, which, like the solo of Piatti, was a triumph of executive skill.

Madame Dotti is decidedly clever and intelligent, which she showed in "Non piu mesta," the duet "Danque io son" (with our ancient trusty and well-beloved Burdini), and a MS. *extra-vaganza*, advertised as follows:—

"The last composition of Donizetti, written by the great maestro in her (Madame Dotti's) presence, a few hours before his madness declared itself, and expressing in the most touching manner the feelings which induced it."

This announcement was enough to prejudice any ordinary person against the thing, and so I confess I paid no attention to it. The Kuhe-ist reporter of the *Gazette* thus describes his own expression:—

"It certainly is one of the most wild compositions we have ever heard, and we should say decidedly symptomatic of departing reason in the composer. That Madame Dotti did her utmost to give it effect by the dramatic expression she threw into the air is true, but the abrupt termination of the 'last composition of Donizetti' seemed to leave the audience in doubt whether they ought to applaud it or not, and so they remained perfectly quiescent at its close, and suffered the lady to leave the platform with scarcely a hand of applause, which we thought unkind of them, after the efforts she made to render the composition effective. On the whole, the concert afforded the highest gratification."

The admirably accomplished Madame de Belleville Oury has announced her grand morning concert for the 23rd instant. (Duncan's birthday), for which she has engaged Madame Anna Bishop and M. Wieniawski, M. Jullien's terrific drawer of horse-hair over catgut.

A DE B. O.

Brighthelmstone, Dec. 2.

MUSIC AT LIVERPOOL.—(From a Correspondent).—Mr. Thomas's concerts in St. George's Hall came to a conclusion on Saturday and universal opinion has pronounced them the very best the spirited *entrepreneur* has ever given. Besides his own admirable violin-playing—of which brilliant examples were presented in Vieuxtemps' *Rêverie*, a sonata for piano and violin by Beethoven, and the difficult duet or air from *Don Giovanni* (in which he had the advantage of being associated with that incomparable pianist, Arabella Goddard), by Wolff (not Woelff) and Vieuxtemps; besides his capital conducting, which, aided by an orchestra fifty in number and strong at all points, made the symphonies and overtures (especially at the Mendelssohn and Beethoven concerts) go so famously; besides the finished solo playing by Messrs. Percival (flute), Nicholson (oboe), Maycock (clarinet), Hawkes (cornet), and Prospère (ophicleide), so advantageously exhibited in the "selections"—and besides all these, we had Miss Louisa Vinning to sing and Miss Arabella to play on every occasion. The local press renders full justice to the spirit and enterprise of Mr. Thomas. "Being determined," says *The Liverpool Mail*—

"That the most fastidious and critical amateur should have no cause of complaint, he engaged a band of fifty performers, consisting of artists of established metropolitan and provincial fame—while, for what we may call his *pièces de résistance*, he secured the services of Miss Arabella Goddard, a pianiste who is now universally acknowledged to hold the very highest rank in her profession; and of Miss Louisa Vinning, a vocal artist who, both in her juvenile and more mature years, has ever been a great and deserved favourite with the public. The programmes have been varied at each concert, and, while we have heard with pleasure many old favourite *morceaux*, Mr. Thomas gave, at each concert, a variety of novelties in dance, operatic, and classical music, many of them being played in Liverpool for the first time. We can safely assert that, for the money, more praiseworthy or pleasant musical performances were never given anywhere than Mr. Thomas has, this week, provided for his patrons in St. George's Hall. There was something to please every listener—brilliant dance music, by D'Albert, Lamotte, Laurent, &c.; classical selections from the works of Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, Mendelssohn, &c.; operatic selections from the works of Verdi, Donizetti, &c.; overtures and

marches, by Rossini, Meyerbeer, &c.; and, above all, the truly unequalled performances of Miss Arabella Goddard. We have not, of course, in a weekly journal, sufficient space at command to notice each concert in detail; but, though it is a work of supererogation, we feel bound to express our admiration at the wondrous versatility and talent of this charming, youthful artist, of whom we may well be proud; for neither France, Germany, or Italy can produce her equal. She plays entirely from memory, yet, be it an elaborate concerto by Beethoven or Mozart, or a series of brilliant *tours de force* by Thalberg or Wallace, her performance leaves literally nothing to be desired, except its repetition. Her touch, expression, and execution satisfy the most critical; and while the learned are thoroughly satisfied, the general public, ordinarily so apathetic at solo displays on the pianoforte, are roused to an enthusiasm rarely excited, except by a vocalist or actor of the highest talent. At each of Mr. Thomas's concerts Miss Goddard succeeded in arousing universal admiration by her marvellous performances, the effect of which was heightened by her graceful, modest, and lady-like demeanour."

Another paper—*The Liverpool Albion*—a great authority in musical matters, is equally complimentary to Mr. Thomas, and gives a graphic description of his arch-enemy during the week—I need scarcely particularise the *weather* :—

The local musical event of the last week was the annual series of vocal and instrumental concerts given by Mr. E. W. Thomas, who this year removed from the Philharmonic Hall to the more central locality of St. George's Hall. By a customary and most unfortunate coincidence, the weather, ever Mr. Thomas's great enemy, was last week the worse that we have had during the whole of the past twelve months—every description of atmospheric nuisance in the shape of fogs, east winds, sleet, and rain being present daily and nightly with more than customary violence for even "dreary dark November." This had naturally a most decided and untoward effect upon the success of Mr. Thomas's Concerts; and though the latter ones were better attended than those in the beginning of the week, still we fear that, considering the very heavy expenses, Mr. Thomas will be a loser by his really spirited and praiseworthy efforts to give the public of Liverpool a series of musical performances of the very highest order of excellence. Everything that Mr. Thomas could do to ensure the success of his speculation, and to attract the public, was done, without regard to cost. The band, numbering fifty performers, all first-class *artistes*, were backed by two "bright particular stars"—Miss Arabella Goddard, the world-famous pianist, and Miss Louisa Vinning, the most youthful and pleasing of our native singers. Nine concerts were given during the week—three in the afternoons of Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday, and six in the evenings—the evening concert, on Thursday, and that which took place on Saturday afternoon, being given in the beautiful small Concert-room, the large hall being then engaged for Mr. Best's customary performances on the great organ. The concerts themselves were the best of the kind ever given in the town."

"On Saturday, at the morning concert, Mr. Thomas played a solo, *Vieux temps Réverie*, accompanied by Miss Arabella Goddard. Mr. Thomas proved himself as completely master of the violin as ever, his performance being perfect both as to execution and expression, the *diminuendo* at its conclusion being most effectively and delicately managed. The 'star' of the concerts was undoubtedly Miss Arabella Goddard, who is now universally acknowledged as the first of living *pianistes*, and her performances at these concerts fully sustained her reputation. On Tuesday Mr. Thomas gave a 'Mendelssohn' festival, and a 'Beethoven' festival on Friday, and on those two occasions Miss Goddard played from memory two elaborate concertos, with a degree of taste, finish, and thorough appreciation of the music which made it even more effective than usual. At the other concerts she selected a variety of Thalberg's fantasias, and in these she proved herself as completely a mistress of the modern school of what has been termed 'musical pyrotechnics,' as she is of the more refined and classical compositions of the great German *maestri*. It is something rare for a *pianiste* to rouse large audiences to unanimous and spontaneous enthusiasm, but this Miss Goddard always succeeded in doing, and she never played once without being uproariously encored, and on each occasion she complied with the wishes of the public with a lady-like and most modest diffidence somewhat rare in one so young and talented."

"Miss Louisa Vinning, Mr. Thomas's other 'star,' also succeeded in giving satisfaction to the public—her favourite songs being always received with every mark of approbation. We trust that our anticipations as to the non-success, in a pecuniary sense, of Mr. Thomas's

Concerts will prove unfounded; at all events, if he has not won success, he has certainly deserved it.—J. H. N."

"There can be little doubt but that, had Mr. Thomas's Concerts taken place this week instead of last, the result would have been no less a pecuniary than artistic triumph." C.

CRACOW.—(*Extract from a Letter.*)—We have had a musical week.—One concert has followed another in quick succession. Reichardt, Rappoldi, and Mad. Haagn, had rivalled each other in their efforts to attract the public. "Chrysosthemus" Alexander Reichardt sang twice in the Polish, and Rappoldi played three times in the German Theatres, while Mad. Haagn gave a sonnet in the Redoutensaal. Rappoldi's farewell concert took place yesterday, and Reichardt's star engagement commenced to-day at the German opera. Reichardt has sang the tenor air ("Il mio tesoro") from *Don Juan*, as well as airs from *Otello*, *Dons Sebastian*, and *Linda*, besides two French romances, "Le Chemin du Paradis," and "Le Papillon," by Blumenthal. As an operatic singer he belongs to that class of artists who threaten to become more rare every day, and who do not consider their sole aim to be the worship of common materialism, and the pompous development of their vocal powers, *quand même*, but an artistically perfect education of the voice, which required the singer to learn singing before he was able to sing. Formerly we heard singers, real singers, but at present, we generally hear only voices and—parts. As a singer of songs, Reichardt stands high, on account of the perfect good taste of the pieces he selects and the excellence of his execution. The flexibility and ease with which he employs his *mezza voce*, imparts a charming character, a rich fulness of light and shade, to his singing. When he thus sings, with half voice and entire soul, he produces the most beautiful effects. Everything appears so well considered, and yet so unconstrained, that any one would think he could imitate it, though he could not do so, however he might strive. Wieland and Heine have, by their flowing verse, called into existence a great many watery poems, songs which would better have remained unsung. Herr Reichardt, admirably supported by the excellent accompanying of Herr Jahn, sang the "Thränenaria" from *Don Juan* (we could attend only the second concert) with great artistic perfection. The aria from *Linda*, given with much tenderness and feeling, and the romance "Le Papillon," excellently declaimed, were accompanied with a great deal of suppleness and elegance by the young wife Herr Reichardt took unto himself, last summer, at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and, who will, also, "accompany" him on his artistic pilgrimage to the icy north—Cracow, Nov. 19.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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58. VI RAVISSO
59. TU NON SAI
60. D' UN PENSIERO
61. NON E QUESTO
62. TUTTO E SCIOLTO
63. AH, PERCHE NON
64. AH! NON GIUNGE

NORMA.

65. MARCIA
66. CASTA DIVA
67. AH, BELLO A ME
68. OH, DI QUAL SEI
69. IN MIA MANO
70. GIA MI PASCO
71. QUAL COR TRADISTI

I PURITANI.

72. AH, PER SEMPRE
73. A TE, O CARA

74. CINTA DI FIORI
75. SUONA LA TROMBA

DON PASQUALE.

76. BELLA SICCOME
77. COM' E GENTIL
78. TORNAMI A DIR CHE M'AMI
79. LA MORALE

LUCREZIA BORGIA.

80. COM' E BELLO
81. DI PESCATORE
82. IL SEGRETO

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

83. PERCHE NON HO
84. TORNA, TORNA
85. SULLA TOMBA (second movement)
86. O SOLE PIU RATTIO
87. FRA FOCO A ME
88. TU CHE A DIO

LINDA DI CHAMOUNI.

89. O LUCE DI QUEST'
90. PER SUA MADRE
91. A CONSOLARMI

L'ELISIRE D' AMORE.

92. UNA FURTIVA

LA FILLE DU REGIMENT.

93. APPARVI ALLA LUCE
94. CIASCUN LO DICE
95. TIROLESE

ROBERT LE DIABLE.

96. QUAND JE QUITTAIS
97. O FORTUNE A TON

LES HUGUENOTS.

98. PIFF, PAFF
99. NOBIL DONNA
100. RATAPLAN

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